

A HOLESOME IDEA.

*Dulce Domum, Acacia Road,
Upper Tootington.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Now that all our men and women of light and learning have finished their brilliant suggestions for the erection of a memorial to WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, may I come very humbly forward with a proposal of my own? The great idea has been to collect subscriptions, and with them raise something

in the nature of a monument to our Bard of Avon. Sir, I advocate the exact opposite. With great deference I suggest that the memorial should take the form of a very, very deep hole. In this hole to be buried all SHAKESPEARE-BACON controversial literature, and all those persons who try (for some occult reason known only to themselves) to prove that BACON wrote SHAKESPEARE. The hole then to be covered with a very heavy granite slab, firmly

cemented down round the edges. I do believe the Poet's shade would appreciate this far more than any towering pinnacle. "A CONSTANT READER."

CRICKET NEWS À LA FRANÇAISE.—"À Birmingham les Australiens ont joué un match contre Warwickshire. Le howling des Australiens était excellent, aussi Warwickshire fut out pour 161, alors que les Australiens marquèrent 162 runs pour quatre cricketers."

"INDEPENDENCE DAY."

(A memory of July the Fourth.)

EUPHEMIA! Had the Fates designed|
To weave our mortal webs in one;
Had Love, notoriously blind,
Not let his bandage come undone;
I tremble even now to think
How my career, with yours united,
Might have sustained a horrid kink
And been irrevocably blighted.

We met. My callow heart embraced
What I regarded as a sign
Of dawning literary taste
Fit to respond, almost, to mine;
You had the right artistic bump,
The tact (I said), the intuition
That apprehends a poet's hump
During the pangs of composition.

You may have had. I don't suggest
That youthful judgment read you wrong;
You would, no doubt, have done your best
To help me through my throes of song;
Rather my scorn is levelled at
The hollow hopes a lover nurses
Who dreams that such a type as that
Would tend to lubricate his verses.

I'm wiser now. I've come to know
The kind that holds your writing hand
And smooths your brow and murmurs low:
"Poor darling! How I understand!"
They don't, of course! They cannot see
(Their minds are built with this hiatus)
How one revolts from sympathy
When wrestling with a rhyme-afflatus.

Well, well, EUPHEMIA, I am weaned
From what was once a poignant pain;
And bless his eyes who intervened—
The broker-man from Mincing Lane;
He won your hand, good honest soul,
And if it still persists in stroking
His flabby paw, or polished poll,
I doubt if that disturbs his broking.

"Why have these thoughts just now occurred?"
It is July the Fourth, my dear,
The day on which he spoke the word
Into your pink and willing ear;
And there is not, I dare to say,
A free-born Yank across the tide who
Keeps up his "Independence Day"
With purer, holier joy than I do.

O. S.

We are glad to read in the *Post Office Circular* that the Royal Humane Society "have awarded an Honorary Testimonial, on vellum, to GEORGE HARGREAVES, Auxiliary Town Postman at Lancaster, in recognition of gallant conduct on his part in saving a child from drowning in a mile-race at Sherton." We are not certain whether it was the postman or the child, or both, that was, or were, engaged in the said mile-race at the time, but if the child took part in this aquatic contest, with or without the postman, we think that a mile was too long for it, and that the attention of the S.P.C.C. should be drawn to the episode.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NOVEL.

LITERARY gossip-mongers will not have failed to note the piquant announcement in a recent number of the *Athenæum* that Mr. SWINBURNE is shortly about to publish a prose romance entitled *Love's Cross Currents*, satirising certain characteristics of modern society. By the exercise of that clairvoyant anticipation for which he has long been famous, Mr. *Punch* is able to present his readers with an extract from an early chapter of this momentous work, supplemented by a brief *scenario* of its enthralling sequel:

"Basil Windrush, the most inexpressibly non-respectable Guardsman who had ever established the unequivocal superiority of intrepid self-assertion over moral excellence, was now at the supreme turning-point of his exorbitantly intricate and incomparably fervent career. Of fearless courage and herculean strength, he had also all tender and exquisite qualities of breeding, and all courteous and gracious instincts of kindness. His Apollonian lineaments recalled the superb beauty of his grandfather, Lord Mimram. His slender feet and hands were a living proof of his descent on his mother's side from Lady Sarah Medwin, the Cinderella of the Restoration. He rode like a Centaur, he swam like an inspired conger eel, his dancing would have driven TAGLIONI delirious with insupportable envy; and his moustache, undulating in an ambrosial curve and diffusing an atmosphere of sustained and aromatic ecstasy, was pronounced by no less distinguished an authority than the German EMPEROR to be amongst the noblest achievements of capillary landscape gardening.

"Basil was beautiful and beloved: impervious to the malodorous calumnies exhaled by the porcine public, serenely indifferent to the rancid homage of professional sycophants. But still his lot was not one of unmitigated felicity. The elementary rules of Bridge had always presented to him insuperable difficulties, and now, after a year's uninterrupted and disastrous losses, it was borne in upon him that he was no longer worthy of association with messmates of such infinitely superior skill. With lightning promptitude he took his decision and acted upon it; sent in his papers, composed his will in tetrameter galliambics, and despatched an intimation to the *Morning Post* that the morganatic marriage arranged between Captain Basil Windrush of the Grenadier Guards and Lady Vivien Lyecester would shortly take place."

So much for Mr. SWINBURNE'S own hand. We may carry on this fascinating romance, one of the gems of the Putney School of Fiction, which began with *Aylwin*, by the following crude summary:—

Exasperated to an incredible pitch of fury by the odious insinuation that she would consent to undergo the ignominy of any matrimonial tie, however lax, Lady Vivien seeks refuge in a Vegetarian Sanatorium kept by the notorious bigamist Dr. Lanthorn Black. Revived and exhilarated by the treatment which she there receives, Lady Vivien elopes with Dr. Black to his marine pavilion on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, where on the thirteenth anniversary of their elopement they are married in the Mormon Temple.

It is doubtful if, even in these days of lurid narrative, anything more convincing and curdling than Mr. SWINBURNE'S romance has seen the light. It will, we need hardly add, be dedicated to Mr. WATTS-DUNTON.

THE *Westminster Gazette*, after giving an account of a collision between a leopard and a small engine on the Victoria Falls Bridge, adds the following statement: "Sir CHARLES METCALFE, Bart., consulting engineer to the Rhodesia Railways, Limited, contemplates the fixing of two medallions, one on each side of the bridge, representing Dr. LIVINGSTONE and Mr. CECIL RHODES." Comment would be invidious.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 5, 1903.



THE CHAUFFEUR AT THE GATE OF PARADISE.

[Lord Winton stops the motor traffic in Hyde Park from four to seven p.m.]

THE CHATELAIN OF THE CASTLE OF BURGUNDY





"PRIDE IN THEIR PORT, DEFIANCE IN THEIR EYE."

Pung but Patriotic Briton. "I SAY, 'ENRY, 'ERE COME SOME OF THESE FOREIGNERS THAT'S OVER 'ERE FOR 'ENLEY. JUST LET'S PUT OUR BACKS IN IT, AND SHOW 'EM WOT THE BRITISH CAN DO!"

THE MAGIC H'S.

(A Society Story of Up-to-date Diablerie, in Three Parts.)

PART III.

"You implied just now," said the voluble stranger, as the train glided out of Bond Street Station, "that, even should any further disaster overtake HIPPERHOLME, the talisman given to him by his Guardian Fairy could safely be depended upon to extricate him. That was a very natural assumption on your part, and in the main a perfectly correct one. Under ordinary circumstances, it is a matter of common knowledge that a fairy is fully a match for the average fiend. But such calculations are always liable to be upset by some trivial accident which it is totally impossible to foresee. As HAROLD was soon to discover:

"He was at a brilliant evening party given by a certain peeress who shall be nameless, at her magnificent mansion in Park Lane. The Society craze last season, as I daresay you recollect, took the form of Parlour Games—an intellectual pastime for which HAROLD had a natural aptitude, and in which he easily held his own against the very smartest of the Smart Set. That night he outshone even himself, and Lady ICILIA (who with her father, the Earl, was of course among those invited) was the pleased recipient of many congratulations on the gentlemanly deportment and ready wit displayed by the object of her choice. At last, after repeated triumphs, he was required to submit himself to a test compared with which all previous ones were child's play. He had to leave the room while the rest of the company settled among themselves what celebrated historical character on what particular occasion he was to represent, and it was for him to guess, if he could, from the cryptic remarks

addressed to him by each of the players in turn, whom they supposed him to be. Very possibly you have played this game yourself?" . . .

[I had—and had not found it particularly exhilarating, though I did not consider it necessary to say so.]

"Well, HIPPERHOLME came in, and brought all the powers of his mind to bear on the problem—but for once he found himself completely baffled. Nothing they said afforded him the faintest clue.

"I must admit, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen," he owned at length with a genial frankness, "that I'm rather up the stick this time. I'm really afraid I must ask you to assist me a little by giving me just the slightest 'int!' . . .

"He knew what he had done, but he was not seriously perturbed—the talisman would get him out of it as usual, and instinctively his fingers sought his watch-chain. Judge of his horror when he found that the crystal locket was no longer there! He searched his waistcoat pockets in vain—it was not in either of them; he had lost it somehow!

"Just the slightest 'int,' the wretched man repeated mechanically, amidst a silence so intense that, had any patrician present possessed such a thing as a pin and allowed it to drop, it would assuredly have fallen with a sickening thud. Fortunately, this was not the case.

"HIPPERHOLME gazed round the semi-circle in wild despair, as he wiped the perspiration from his clammy brow—and then he caught sight of a glittering object lying just underneath a gilded sofa. He dived for it frantically; with inexpressible relief he recognised his lost ladybird, and, as he resumed the perpendicular with the talisman in his clutch, the conclusion—'erval for reflection'—fell from his lips, and the intolerable strain was instantly relaxed.

"Immediately afterwards it flashed upon him that he could

be no other personage but King HAROLD on the occasion of being hit in the eye by an arrow at the Battle of Hastings—which proved to be perfectly correct.

"But, even amidst the general applause that greeted this display of penetration, HIPPERHOLME shivered at the recollection of the narrow squeak he had just experienced.

"He had the fastening of the talisman repaired—while he waited—at the earliest opportunity, after which he felt himself once more invulnerable. To be sure there were two more 'wrong' uns' to be expected—but, even if they did clip out before his marriage with Lady ICILIA, it would not signify so long as he had the charm at hand—and he would take uncommonly good care not to lose sight of it in future.

"When she was once his bride he would be safer still. It would take more than a couple of defective aspirates to sever them then!

"As it happened, during the weeks that remained he was never once under the necessity of employing the talisman, a circumstance which so increased his sense of security that, while arraying himself on his wedding-morn for the ceremony, it occurred to him that he might safely leave the locket on his dressing-table.

"He had always thought it a rather cheap and tawdry ornament for a man of his means to wear; it would be an unsightly blot on the magnificence of his attire on this momentous occasion; it would not be required, since he could hold no conversation with either Lady ICILIA or her parent until after the conclusion of the nuptials.

"Still, he would have to say a few words in the vestry afterwards—and then there was the drive with his bride from the church, and the wedding breakfast. Perhaps it would be wisest to avoid all risks. So, for the present at all events, he decided to allow the locket to remain on his watch-chain.

"The wedding was at St. George's, Hanover Square, which was crowded to suffocation by persons of rank, commoners finding it hopeless to obtain admittance, and the vergers being compelled to turn even Countesses away!

"HAROLD, with Lord NORMAN BEAUCCOE as his best man, stood by the altar, awaiting the arrival of the bridal cortège, and, as he heard the Society small talk behind him drowning even the pealing notes of the organ, his bosom swelled with a satisfaction that made him entirely oblivious of the fact that he owed the proud position in which he stood to the instrumentality of a fiend.

"And then—preceded by the choir, and followed by eight bridesmaids, all ladies of title and wearing costly diamond brooches in the form of two interlaced h's, the gift of the bridegroom—Lady ICILIA CHILWELL came slowly up the centre aisle, leaning on the arm of her father, the Earl of STONISTAIRS, and the ceremony commenced:

"It was conducted by the Bishop of MUMBLEBOROUGH, assisted by several of the minor clergy, and, as the venerable prelate, in accents almost inaudible with emotion, dictated the responses, the happy bridegroom repeated them in tones as full as was his heart. 'To have and to hold,' quavered the good old Bishop—and through the sacred edifice HAROLD's resonant voice rang out like a clarion call: 'To 'ave and to 'old!'

"I can only qualify the result as electrical. Never before, perhaps, had that aristocratic fane heard the aspirate treated with such appalling irreverence; the walls seemed to rock, strong men grew pale, the very choristers were visibly concerned, the Bishop was struck dumb, while Lady ICILIA, withdrawing her hand from HAROLD, shrank from him with a movement of uncontrollable repulsion.

"HIPPERHOLME alone preserved his composure. He felt that he could hardly have dropped two h's at a more unpropitious moment—but fortunately the matter could easily be set right. How lucky that he had not followed

his first impulse and left his ladybird at home! He fingered the talisman with confidence.

"To his indescribable dismay it failed him for the first time! He could not believe it at first, could not understand how such a thing could have happened. And then the terrible truth dawned upon him. It was useless to expect the talisman to aid him there. Not even a Fairy could venture to introduce any additions to the Marriage Service. What he had said he had said!

"Lady ICILIA had already collapsed—a mere heap of white satin, Brussels lace and orange blossom—into the arms of her principal bridesmaid, the Earl had stepped forward and held a whispered colloquy with the Bishop, who seemed to agree with him that the ceremony could not proceed, as HAROLD rushed madly from the building, bareheaded, for he had resigned his hat to Lord NORMAN BEAUCCOE. And, at the moment he gained the portico, and was descending the steps into George Street, he heard a malicious snigger, which seemed to come from the telephone wires overhead, and a voice he remembered but too well cried out with shrill derision: 'What did I tell you? Six of 'em wrong' uns!'

"The Fairy knew more about fiends than he did, after all. They were *not* to be trusted!"

"But surely," I said, as we ran into the next station, "that isn't the end of the story? The Fairy couldn't possibly leave him in such a fix as that. Or why have a Guardian Fairy at all?"

"You are right," he said, impressively, patting me with approval on the chest; "absolutely right! That is *not* the end. The *finale* is singular, but satisfactory, as you are about to hear. . . . But, bless me, this is Tottenham Court Road! I'm afraid I must bid you farewell, with many thanks for your courteous attention. I get out here."

And he did—so I missed the *finale*. It was not till I reached the British Museum that I missed my pocket-book. It contained a cheque for royalties on the American sales of a certain work of mine for the six months ending December 31, 1904, and was for the amount of three-and-fourpence.

Providentially I had not endorsed it.

F. A.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Oh, little Boy Blue, won't you blow up your horn?
Though we can't see a sheep, or a cow in the corn;
But we're waiting and longing, so blow it up, do,
For these two little sisters, oh little Boy Blue!

You ought to oblige us: we've painted you in
In a full suit of blue, though the colour was thin.
We have painted you often and know you are true,
As true as the Fairies, oh little Boy Blue.

You're as true as the Fairies, and bigger than they;
And we're both of us waiting to hear how you play.
If you come in your suit we shall know that it's you,
With your hat and your feather, oh little Boy Blue.

And your lace and your bows, and your shoes with their tips,
And your hands on the horn and the horn at your lips.
You needn't be bashful, although we are two,
For we'll both be polite to our little Boy Blue.

We have looked for you, Boy dear, and sent you our love,
As you sailed, so they said, on a white cloud above;
But, although we had rather you walked here than flew,
You can come as you like, if you'll only wear blue.

You can slide on a sunbeam, or ride on a stick,
Or drop like a lark, but we beg you'll come quick.
If you don't come to us we shall search the world through
Till we find you and keep you, oh little Boy Blue.

R. C. L.

CHARIVARIA.

SINCE the Odessa Mutiny, the folly of not having included the Black Sea Fleet in ROZHDESTVENSKY'S Armada is patent to the Russian Government.

In order to avoid service against the Japanese several officers in the Moscow corps have assaulted peaceable citizens in the streets with the express object of being arrested and imprisoned, thus avoiding being sent to the front. The citizens are now begging that an affidavit by an officer to the effect that he is desirous of committing such an assault may be treated as a sufficient offence.

It is denied that the official report of the Czar's speech in favour of a constitution was inaccurate. It was the speech itself which was incorrect.

Lèse-majesté is on the increase in German South-west Africa. The natives have again defeated the KAISER'S troops.

At the Pilgrim Club's banquet to Mr. WHITELAW REID, a poem by Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN was read, but we fancy that nothing now can shake the good understanding between England and America.

Many reasons have been suggested for the unpopularity of the Park Royal Agricultural Show. For ourselves we cannot help thinking that the method of announcing the prize-winners is calculated to alienate sympathy. The following, for instance, is an extract from the awards which strikes one as being somewhat carelessly framed:—

PIGS.

Three Boar Pigs farrowed in 1905:—
1. EARL OF ELLESMERE. 2. T. SIMPSON JAY. 3. DANIEL R. DAYBELL.

MR. LOUIS WAIN has, on two recent occasions, addressed letters to the public Press on religious and medical topics. This bears out a theory we have long favoured, namely, that there is no reason at all why a Comic Cat Artist should not also have a higher side to his nature.

The wife of a fisherman at Hêve found a gold bracelet inside a cod she was dressing for dinner. We presume it was a female fish, and that she had begun dressing for dinner before she was caught.

The abolition of the Criterion Bar was not, after all, a sign of the times, as we were told by the newspapers. It has only been removed to another part of the building.

At a recent dinner of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, the opinion

**RAGS, BONES AND BOTTLES.**

(Portrait of a Tradesman, sketched from Nature.)

was expressed by a speaker that pedestrians were the greatest sinners on the road. There is no doubt that they have a way of colliding with the cars, and not infrequently clogging the delicate machinery with pieces of themselves.

"Talking in Theatres. Managers admit inability to stop it," was the heading of a paragraph in a contemporary last week. This is a great pity, for that charming play, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, where nobody talked at all, had a marked success.

Margate has been visited by a French deputation, and it is rumoured that, at a public dinner, a French speaker made a reference to "your beautiful town," which caused great satisfaction.

It is stated that there are now 100,000 children attending elementary schools in England and Wales who are learning

to play the violin. Properly organised these should form an irresistible force for preventing the invasion of their country.

It has not been found possible so to draw the Aliens Bill as to prevent Continental criminals entering this country *riâ* Folkestone, Dover or Newhaven, but the framers of the Bill trust none the less that this class will make it a point of honour to comply with the spirit of the Act.

The Clyde Vale Electrical Power Company are, it is announced, prepared to furnish motors for rocking cradles. But the millennium will not have arrived, writes a busy father, until an electrical spanking machine is also supplied.

"Pigmies in Parliament." Many Members, amusingly, thought that this was a novelty.

" PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT."

THE magnificent reception and most cordial welcome given to Mr. WHITELAW REID, the recently arrived American Ambassador, on Friday the 23rd June, by "the Pilgrims" and their guests at the banquet (a snug little dinner-party of three hundred *convives*, held at Claridge's) took place too late in that week to be fittingly reported, as the exceptional nature of the occasion demanded, by Mr. *Punch's* special International Representative, who gladly avails himself of the very first opportunity offered of giving, in Mr. *P.'s* immortal pages, some account of this most thoroughly successful gathering.

Claridge's was the humble hostelry chosen by the gentle Pilgrims for their dining-place, and the arrangements for the simple meal were admirably made and carried out. To feed in perfect comfort some three hundred weary Pilgrims (Pilgrims are always weary) and Pilgrims' hungry guests at various dinner-tables, so that every dinner-table should have its own pleasant little party, and all and sundry should eat, drink, and be merry, without slightest cause for grumbling, is a triumph for Mr. HARRY BRITAIN, who, true to his name, is nothing if not "a thorough one" in every way; who, though "with heart and voice" he, and others, may declare a fixed determination "never, never, never to be slaves," yet on this occasion is delighted to become a *servus servorum*, and willingly allows himself to be worried out of his dinner in order to attend to his multifarious duties. The introductory melon is being discussed and approved of; our Secretary does not appear. His chair is vacant. Waiter clears away remnants of melons, and disappears with Secretary's portion of the cool, luscious fruit.

The soup is served. When we are half through this, our Secretary, beamingly cheerful, with a lot of telegrams and papers in his hand, and pencils sticking about him, like 'quills upon the fretful porcupine,' suddenly appears and takes his seat as he gives a sigh of relief.

His Guest (sympathetically). Afraid you weren't coming.

Secretary (cheerfully). Lot o' things to see to—(places a heap of papers and telegrams on table)—but shall be able to get a mouthful now. (Commences mouthful, appears much restored. At about third mouthful, a foreign-looking hotel-manager whispers to him. Secretary pauses, refers to papers.) Eh? Oh, certainly. Yes. (Foreign manager at his right hand disappears. Secretary is about to proceed with third mouthful of soup when sandy-headed man, appearing suddenly on the scene, touches his left elbow. Secretary turns, listens.) Eh?—well—I rather think—(Sandy-headed party whispers with intense eagerness. Secretary considers for a second—then)—Ah! well—perhaps I'd better—I will.

[Decides, evidently, on instant action. Jumps up, nearly overturns sandy-haired man, who disappears among some waiters, rushes off, and is lost to sight for another fifteen minutes or so, during which present course is cleared away; and when the third course is half finished, Secretary hurriedly returns.]

Guest (more sympathetically than ever). Can't you get someone to do this for you?

Secretary (almost fiercely). Impossible. (Genially) If you want a thing well done—eh?—you know—ah—lamb?—good! now I can get a snack in comfort! (Drinks a glass of champagne which has been fortunately poured out for him. As he is settling down to the lamb, another hotel-manager, foreign and dapper, approaches him, speaking mysteriously behind a menu-card, as if he were a ventriloquist giving the Secretary a private entertainment. Secretary starts and turns round; then anxiously) Eh? you don't mean that—(Ventriloquist foreign hotel-manager, still behind menu-card, explains what he does mean. Secretary starts up, exclaiming) Certainly; I'll see to it at once.

[Gathers up his papers, rushes off, and is engaged 'until the

quails have come and gone, leaving behind them but the name on the dainty silken pink ribbon whereon the menu is printed.]

The foregoing will convey some idea of the pleasures of being a Secretary responsible for everything at a banquet of three hundred Pilgrims and Strangers.

The dinner was well chosen, but not quite up to the previous one at either the Savoy or the Hyde Park Hotel, I forget which it was. Intended for a *spécialité*, the "Olio" by any other name would have been a soup. The "*Déllice de Jambon Ambassadeur*" was of course intended as a delicate compliment to the Ambassador, which, on the part of the *Hambassadeur*, no doubt the Hon. WHITELAW REID thoroughly appreciated. The asparagus was served up with Sauce Divine, but there is only one sauce for hot asparagus (if in themselves they are perfect), and that is two table-spoonfuls of cold water with an egg-spoonful of salt in it. This brings out the flavour to perfection. Of course if your asparagus be indifferent, and you depend on sauce for its flavour, then I recommend *Sauce Divine*, or *Sauce au diable*, or *Sauce à la burette mêlée*.

Toast-master commands silence for our Chairman. Hearty cheering, and Lord ROBERTS drinks to KING and PRESIDENT. National melodies. After the first toast Secretary BRITAIN reads out, clearly and distinctly, kindly telegrams from Pilgrims at a distance, including one from Mr. CHOATE which, needless to say, is received with acclamation. Then Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, in dulcet tones and well-balanced periods, proposes the toast of the evening, to which, after the enthusiastic cheering has subsided, Mr. WHITELAW REID replies in an excellent, straightforward speech which makes the whole assembly kin.

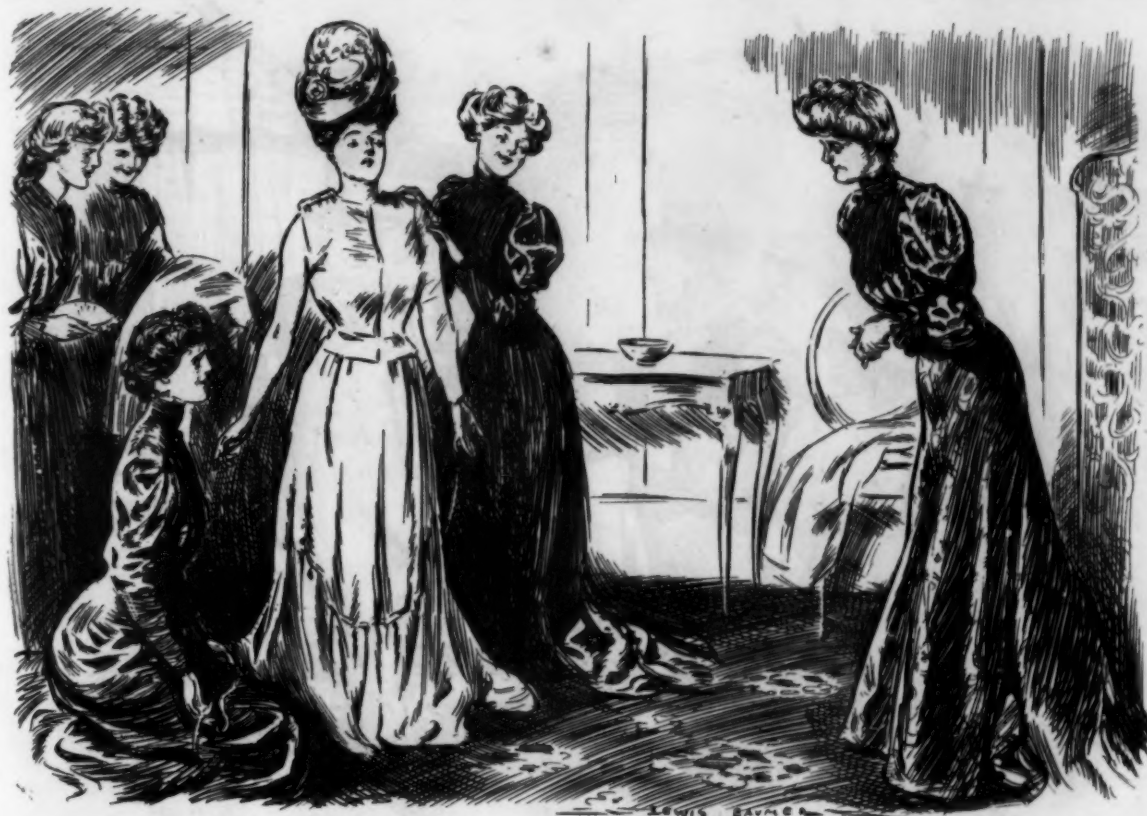
Lest our enthusiasm should wax too hilarious and our joviality become excessive, the toast-master's hammer recalls us to attention, with a sharp rap (as it were) on our heads, and informs us that now Sir HENRY IRVING (*loud cheers*) will read a few verses, specially composed for the occasion by the Poet Laureate.

The Dantesque figure of our leading tragedian gradually elongates itself upwards, and but for a slight stoop indicative of the gentle bent of his amiable disposition he stands erect. Our first tragedian, or, as he may be correctly described on this occasion, our rising actor, had but to make a brief speech of his own composition which he intended should serve as an introductory prologue to the verses of his "dear and valued friend the Laureate." No wonder that he stooped, seeing what an almost unspeakable burden had been laid upon his shoulders. But manfully he did it. Printed poem in hand, the author as prompter at his elbow, how could he fail to arouse our enthusiasm? Those who had read the verses wondered how he would deliver the line—

"The April-sent swallow circling round our eaves."

But he did it magnificently! Mounted on the poet's Pegasus he cleared the obstacle by a clear foot. Some irreverent *convives* wished to know what the Adams were doing while the swallows were thus annoying their Eves. But to such silly talk deaf ears were turned. In gratitude "our dear and valued" ALFREDO will no doubt present Sir HENRY with a little trifle of his own in Five Acts, containing a fine part for our leading tragedian.

This being over, nothing remained but for Sir GEORGE WHITE, with all his blushing honours thick upon him, represented by rows of medals, to propose long life and success to our hosts the Pilgrims, to which the names of the Hon. STEWART L. WOODFORD and Sir A. CONAN DOYLE were down for replies. For these gems of oratory I was, alas, unable to remain. And so about 11.30 the proceedings came to an end, and WHITELAW REID's entire company retired to their various domiciles. A Big Success!



STRICT!

Dressmaker. "AND WOULD YOU HAVE LEG OF MUTTON SLEEVES, MADAM?"

Customer. "MOST CERTAINLY NOT. I AM A VEGETARIAN!"

NEX', PLEASE.

ACCORDING to the recent statement of a high medical authority, the human neck—especially the male variety—is gradually lengthening. This is a curious biological fact which requires investigating, and as a result of careful and conscientious observation we have been able to trace a few of the causes underlying the same. We find in the first place that giraffe-like development is due to the masculine habit, so largely on the increase in recent years, of standing five or more deep in the endeavour to watch cricket and football championships and passing spectacles in the streets. Careful measurements have indicated an average elongation of $4\frac{1}{2}$ millimetres among the standing public at Lord's and elsewhere after each Test Match. Every "googly" and leg-glance, therefore, add, however infinitesimally, to the general stature, and the Australians, in thus helping to elevate the Anglo-Saxon race, are bowling and batting better than they know.

The same phenomenon has been noted with regard to the *habitués* of the

theatre, and especially the frequenters of the back rows. It is with pain that we allude once more to the *Matinée Hat* and *Matinée Hair*, but these also have undoubtedly helped to bring about the vertebral prolongation of the pittance. You may at once tell the ardent playgoer by his telescopic neck—the result of the last ten years of "picture" head-gear coupled with the true feminine instinct that uplifts the otherwise grovelling male. In this way even Fashion, too, sings an *Excelsior* to the city clerk that comes after and sits in her wake.

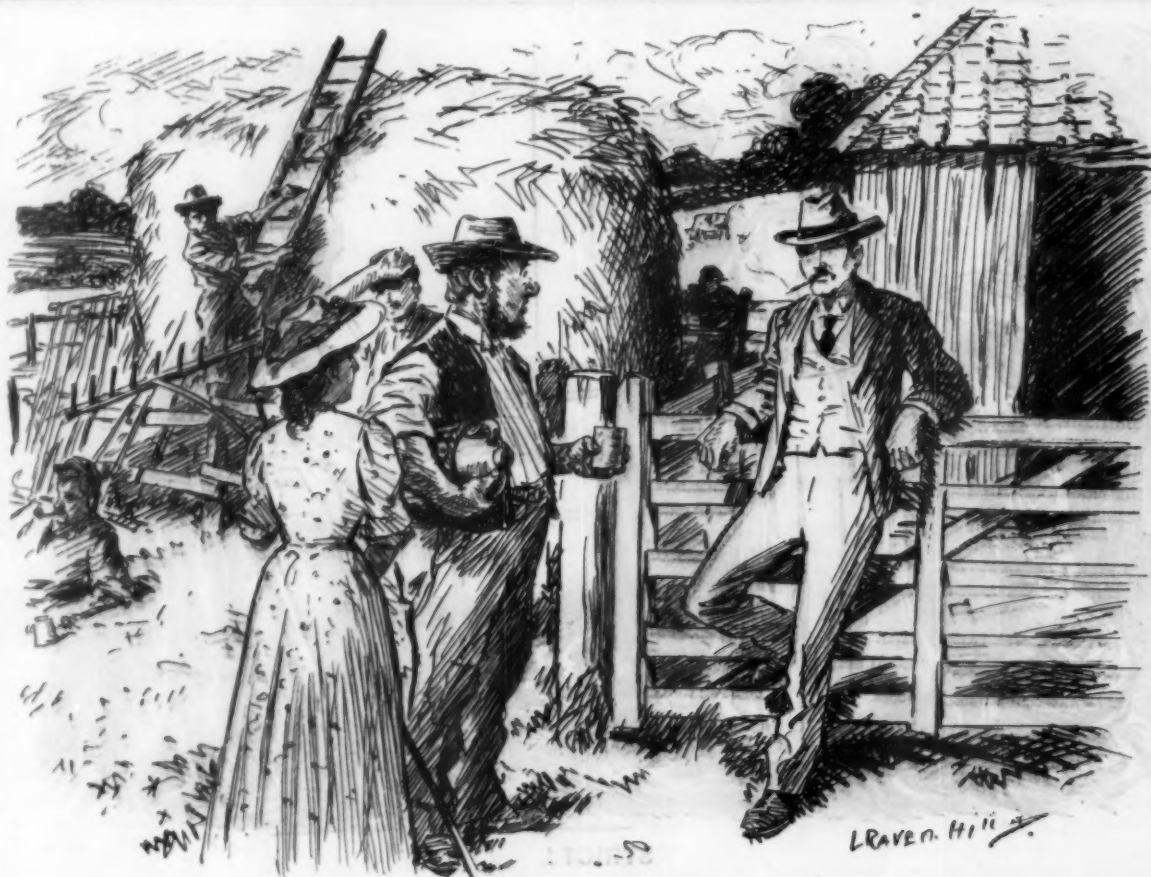
Another contributing cause is the annual invasion of England by Yankee "rubber-necks." The stolid British phlegm has disappeared, and we are now chronically in a condition which may be described as "agog"—ever craning after some fresh excitement, and hustling after novelty of the approved American type. No bullneck can survive that is perpetually twisting itself in order to acquire a "sense of traffic" in a motor-ridden land. Each hoot of the horn startles it still further from its collar-bone.

Mr. CARNEGIE besides has helped on the Extension Movement by presenting the nation with a *Diplodocus* whose head is poised some thirty feet in front of its body. This has caused much envy among the devotees of a long drink. Collars have been worn two inches higher in consequence by the thirstier visitors to the Natural History Museum, while the wayside inns and laundries of the neighbourhood are equally looking up.

Such are, in fine, the causes of the present up-grade tendency, which are patent to every observer with a head upon his shoulders. They were indeed foreshadowed long ago by VIRGIL, when with wonderful insight he penned the prophetic and remarkable passage, "*Nec mora nee requies*," alluding to the restless growth of evolution. We would fain add, "to be continued in our necks," but the prospect gets appalling, and we ring off.

ZIG-ZAG.

CHEAP! A BARONETCY FOR A POUND.—Long life and happiness to Sir JOHN POUND, Bart., "J.P." Chief Magistrate as Lord Mayor of London.



OUR VILLAGE.

Nephew (on a visit to the "Old Country"). "AH, UNCLE, IN CANADA WE DON'T DO OUR HAY-MAKIN' IN THIS 'ERE OLD-FASHIONED WAY."
Uncle. "WHY, YOU BEAN'T NEVER GOIN' TO TELL I AS YOU'VE BIN AN' TURNED TEETOTAL?"

JUMBOMANIA.

(By a Musical Reactionary.)

ONCE, of sheer sonority enamoured,
Steeped in sumptuousness of sound,
Chiefly for immensity I clamoured,
Only in excess enjoyment found.
Music of Gargantuan dimensions,
Music full of diabolic din,
Music of exorbitant pretensions
Could alone my approbation win.

With unceasing ecstasy I revelled
In the blare of trumpets and trombones,
Grieving if the score was not bedevilled
By a group of sixteen saxophones.
On the shrieking piccolo I doated,
Hailed the cornet bleating loud and long,
O'er the cymbals' brassy clangour gloated,
Welcomed every entry of the gong.

Bands below a hundred in their muster,
Bands that were not doubled in the brass,
I condemned as lacking life and lustre,
Relegated to the lowest class.

Once, in short, with size infatuated,
I believed the biggest was the best;
Now, with elephantine uproar sated,
Jumbo-worship wholly I detest.

If you ask what, after long immersion
In the joys I've striven to unfold,
Has precipitated my conversion
To the paths and principles of old—
'Twas a new concerto for the tuba
(Written by an enterprising Dane)
Proved, if I may say so, the Majuba
In my megalolatrous campaign.

I declared, in my triumphant folly,
That without injurious results
I could stand the most terrific volley
Slung by instrumental catapults.
It was very rash of me to crow so,
As I found when things began to hum,
And the awful *Scherzo strepitoso*
Caused a puncture in my tympanum.

Now, though many reckon me a loony
For rejecting the stentorian style,
I no longer crab MOZART as "tunny,"
Or pronounce BEETHOVEN infantile,

Finding in a single CHOPIN study
More of pure essential delight
Than can be distilled from all the muddy
Sea of transcendental blatherskite.

Musing therefore on my former blindness
In the light and freedom of to-day,
I declare I almost have a kindness
For the guides who tempted me astray.
For the more they drive us to distraction,
Boycotting all beauty as inane,
All the more they foster the reaction
Tow'rs the pure, the lovely and the sane.

Is a special article entitled "The Clubwoman" in the *Daily Record and Mail*, the author observes that "woman is not a clubbable animal." This is not the view accepted by married hoodligans. Later he asks, "What does any married woman, whose husband does not beat her, want with a club?" The answer is obvious. *She may want to beat him.*



LAST WEEKS ?

JAP. "BETTER STICK THIS UP TO PREVENT MISUNDERSTANDING."



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



PUNCH AND (THE SUB) JUDY(-CE) SHOW.

Sir William Butler comes down on the War Office.

The ex-War Minister doubles up Sir William Butler.

House of Commons, Monday, June 26. —Most interesting episode in debate on Vote of Censure based on Butler Committee Report was the companionship on Treasury Bench of the late Minister of War and his successor in the Office. A flush of natural pride mantled the brow of PRINCE ARTHUR as he surveyed them. One of his charms is innate modesty. He is, perhaps, too proud to take pride in himself. But in this episode of his Ministerial career he really thinks he has made his mark. One man of something exceeding average capacity could have discovered St. JOHN BRODRICK and, at a time of sore peril, put him in charge of the Army. Another might, in moment of inspiration, at a later time have placed ARNOLD-FORSTER in the same supreme position. None but PRINCE ARTHUR could have discovered both and in succession throned them in Pall Mall. No wonder that as his eye fell upon them seated at convenient distance on the same Bench his glance softened, his lips murmured something that sounded like benediction.

As for the young veterans, their pleased reflections on combined effort during the last five years at the War Office were ruffled by contemplation of the Report of the Butler Committee. As ARNOLD-FORSTER said, with a tear in his voice that evoked a roar of laughter from unsympathetic House,

"Sir WILLIAM BUTLER has not produced the Report the Government wished for." On the contrary he, or rather his

Committee, has been exceedingly rude. They have proved Marplots of a design calculated to produce the fullest measure of comfort to the largest number—excluding of course the British tax-payer, whose hard-earned five millions sterling, of which restitution was two years ago definitely promised by War Office to trustful



COACHING CROOKS IN LATIN ("IN PARI MATERIA").

"These swells, you know, call the place Parée." (Mr. Keir-Hardie.)

CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, has vanished like snow on the river.

Departmental Committee appointed to take evidence on the matter. It turned out to be of character unprecedented since Crimean War. This awkward; but publication delayed, thing might blow over. Then Public Accounts Committee step on scene and insist on immediate issue of Report and evidence, with consequence of fulfilling Oom PAUL's historic threat to stagger humanity. Opposition insist on debating subject through summer night. So here we are.

Unto the Great Twin Brethren
We keep this solemn feast.

All seems lost, even honour. But, as at the battle of the Lake Regillus,

Swift, swift, the Great Twin Brethren
Came spurring from the East,

CASTOR ST. JOHN BRODRICK from the India Office; POLLUX ARNOLD-FORSTER from the War Office. Whilst POLLUX bemoaned the perversity of BUTLER in not bringing in the Report the Government wished for, CASTOR, with fiercer energy, fuller courage, ready to tear the flesh of captains, to peck the eyes of kings, dashed at his accuser, savagely beating BUTLER about the head.

In the end it turned out that the late Minister for War and his successor, so far from being culprits, were martyrs. The real sinner was Sir WILLIAM BUTLER. He was accordingly held up to reprehension.



All hail to Sir Augustus Helder, Knight.

sion of a scoffing House, to execration of an angry country. The Twin Brethren exceedingly reticent in their references to each other. POLLUX varies the habit by more than once precisely naming the date he succeeded to the War Office. CASTOR and POLLUX were one in denunciation of Sir WILLIAM BUTLER.

"Odd evil fate for PRINCE ARTHUR," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "that in a single Session his blameless Government should find its authority undermined by two officials appointed by as many Departments. But, whereas in Home Rule difficulty ANTHONY MACDONNELL was alluded to in debate in almost reverential terms, WILLIAM BUTLER is publicly flogged. Wonder if there can be anything in the personality or position of the two men that makes that attitude safe in one instance, undesirable in another?"

Business done.—Vote of Censure on Government moved in respect of Army Stores Scandals in South Africa. Curious thing happened. Through long debate beginning in afternoon, closing at mid-

night, not a single Ministerialist rose to say a word in extenuation of the Government, but on division gave them a rattling majority of 74, being the full possible poll.

"O Gemini!" said PRINCE ARTHUR, beaming on CASTOR and POLLUX, "and they want me to dissolve. I think not. I am not quite certain we shall come back with a majority of 74. Anyhow, it will do for me to go on with through another year."

Tuesday night.—A little difficult to shut up Mr. CROOKS. In the family circle is understood to have a pretty wit of his own. Likes to air it on larger platform at Westminster. To-day PRINCE ARTHUR, temporarily at least, achieved the apparently impossible.

LAMBERT inquired when Redistribution Resolutions would be brought in. Not Mr. CROOKS's funeral; but opportunity of letting his 'orny-anded brother, engaged in less agreeable circumstances, know that he is around not to be slighted. So he ups and, by way of

supplementary question, asks whether the Unemployed Bill will take precedence over the Redistribution proposals?

"The questions," answered PRINCE ARTHUR dreamily, "are not in *pari materia*."

"What's he givin' us?" growled Mr. CROOKS to DON'T KEIR-HARDIE.

"I fancy," said the hon. Negative, "he means that it's not in Paris. These swells, you know, call the place *Parée*."

"Who's a-talkin' about Paris?" said Mr. CROOKS, increasingly angry. "And what does he mean by *materia*?"

"That's clear enough," said DON'T KEIR decisively. "It's French again. He means 'material,' only they don't pronounce the last letter."

Mr. CROOKS glanced suspiciously in the region of DON'T KEIR-HARDIE's many-hued neck-gear.

"Don't you go a-pullin' my leg," he remarked threateningly.

"Who's a-pullin' your leg?" inquired DON'T KEIR, not for the moment having anything more pointed to say.

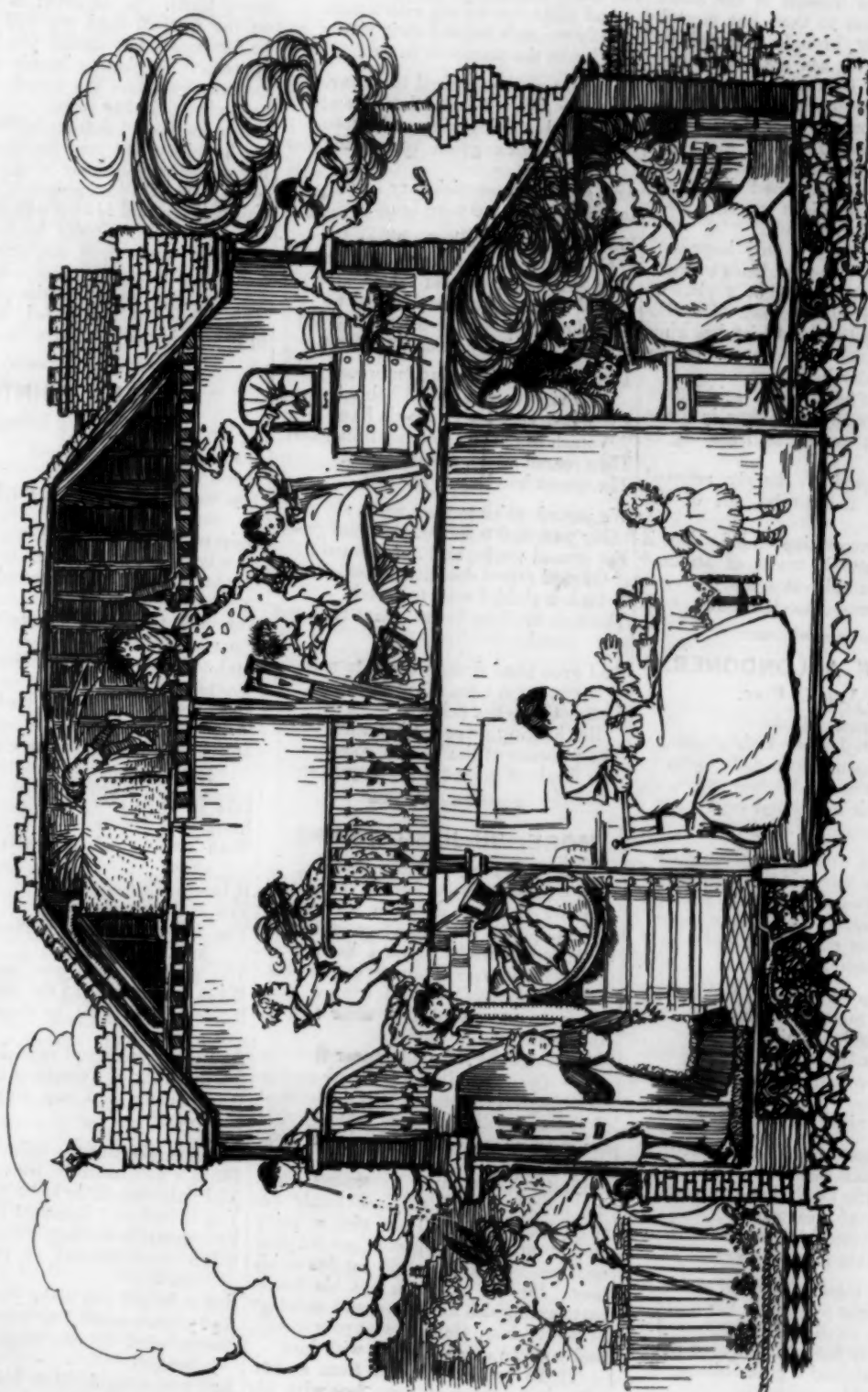
This conversation, audibly conducted below Gangway, attracted pained attention. It is significant of the growing restlessness under the Leadership of PRINCE ARTHUR that disposition was displayed to resent his part leading up to the incident. He has, Members say, been guilty of infringing various House of Commons traditions. He has ostentatiously withdrawn from his place in debate, taking his Party with him. On other occasions he has altogether ignored sittings of the House. Where it was possible he has, in interest of Government business, gagged the Opposition. He has systematically declined to enlighten Parliament with regard to his personal position on Fiscal Question. He has abused the ten minutes' rule; he has sneered at C.B.; has spoken disrespectfully of CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLER. If he is going to answer questions in the Latin tongue it is time effective protest were made.

"*Quod erat demonstrandum*," says Doctor MACNAMARA, who wasn't at St. Thomas's School, Exeter, for nothing.

Business done.—Aliens Bill in Committee.

Friday night.—Trouble for PRIME MINISTER has broken out in new, unexpected quarter. Nothing to do with the War Office; no connection with DOX JOSÉ; does not touch the fringe of Empire in India, where GEORGE CURZON is growing restive under the iron rule of ST. JOHN BRODRICK. It is over the Irish Office the black cloud bursts.

Years ago a witty Irishman, RONAYNE, at the time Member for Cork, scornfully described the Chief Secretary of the day as "circumnavigating Ireland on an outside car." WALTER LONG, going through an analogous process of educa-



SCENE.—A Suburban Drawing-room. A Lady Collector for a Home for Incurable Children has just left.

Phyllis (aged three, the youngest of a large family, mostly boys). "WHAT DID THE LADY WANT, MOTHER?"

Mother. "SHE WAS BEGGING FOR POOR CHILDREN, DEAR."

Phyllis. "AND DID YOU GIVE HER THE BOYS?"

tion, has availed himself of the motor car. No objection to that, but, according to testimony brought forward by Irish Members, he has not intermitted his educational (motor car) course on Sundays. A Protestant Bishop has denounced him from the altar steps, forasmuch as his flashing along the highways on motor cars has interfered with the comfort, even threatened the safety, of peaceful congregations wending their way to their parish church.

WALTER LONG says it only happened once, and there is no evidence to show that his destination was not a place of worship in a distant parish. He also hints that his esteemed Chief has himself been fined for riding at a speed in excess of statutory limitation.

"*Abusus non tollit usum*," said PRINCE ARTHUR, abstractedly dropping into the new habit that proved so irritating to Mr. CROOKS.

"*Erin go bragh!*" sharply retorted WALTER LONG, not to be out of the fashion.

Here the conversation ended. But it has left regrettable traces of strained feeling between old colleagues.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

I LOVE the ornamental lake
That laps St. James's leafy glades,
Where amorous milkmen daily make
Frank overtures to kitchen maids,
And press their individual suits
Entwined in amorous salutes.

There sporting urchins pit themselves
Against the hairy tiddler's might,
Till ROBERT's swart resounding "twelves,"
Approaching, scatter them to flight;
There pregnant poets stand and scowl
Upon the artificial fowl.

I love those green secluded bowers
Adjoining Storey's ample gate,
Paced, it is said, at latish hours
By anxious Ministers of State,
While house-cats from the neighbouring
squares

Improve the night with native airs.

For it was there the thing occurred,
That deepest, earliest romance—
There first this lonely breast was stirred
By LUCY's coy, responsive glance.
Alas! what lustres lie between
Myself and that romantic scene!

She stood, a roguish dimpled maid,
The sunlight playing in her hair;
One slightly swollen cheek betrayed
The brandy ball that lingered there;
One hand retained a pink balloon,
The other held a macaroon.

A hasty word, a melting look,
Our mutual passion thus began;

Her nurse was buried in a book,

And mine was toying with a man.
Lightly we stole beyond their view,
And broke the macaroon in two.

No tender vows enhanced the scene,

Yet we were all each other's own;
We played at being king and queen,
With Earth's green carpet for our
throne,

And growled from visionary lairs,
Imagining that we were bears.

For forty minutes all was bliss,
No sorrow marred our mutual cup;
Then something seemed to go amiss,
And when our nurses hurried up
They found us both in tears immersed
Because the pink balloon had burst.

Torn from her lingering embrace
And vigorously slapped behind,
I watched her small pathetic face
Vanish from sight, but not from mind;
Then roared aloud, for oh! I felt
The tyrant hand upon my pelt.

We parted, ne'er to meet again:
My punctual tears bedewed the grass
For several weeks, and still the pain
Of mad regret declined to pass.
A broken child I used to brood
Through the long hours 'twixt food and
food.

And even now, though borne to man's
Estate upon a sea of cares,
I cannot pass the pelicans
But longing grips me unawares;
The presence of the upland goose
Sets floods of poignant memory loose.

MORE JIU-JITSU TRICKS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—After reading in your columns IYAMA TERRA's additional chapters on Jiu-Jitsu, I am tempted to give the public the advantage of two of my favourite tricks which I have practised many years with unvarying success.

(1) To protect yourself from a man who presents a loaded revolver full in your face.

At first sight it would appear that the man with the revolver has the advantage over you, but a close study of my method of defence will convince anybody that the man is really completely in your power.

First, with an adroit movement, catch the muzzle of the revolver firmly between your teeth. Then with a quick step towards your opponent get out your matches. Strike one, and set fire to his hair. He will of course put his hands up to extinguish the flames, and so let go of the revolver. He is now at your mercy, and you can do as you like with him.

(2) To protect yourself from a man who aims a blow at your face with his clenched fist.

For the purposes of this trick it is

essential that you should be wearing heavy boots. In the event of a quarrel on the football field you will naturally be forearmed, but should you and your opponent be playing tennis you must tactfully postpone the attack until you have changed your shoes.

The method of defence is very simple. As he hits out at your face, and before he reaches it, quickly stand on your head. He will obviously hit your hob-nailed boots, and his fist will suffer. His next step will naturally be to stand on his head and renew the attack, when you immediately resume your former position and he again hits your boots. This must be continued until your opponent is tired.—Yours, EIFIA NOFO.

SALIENT POINTS.

(For the July Sales.)

O MAIDENS young and frail,
If you'd patronise a sale,
You must eat a solid meal before you
start;
Chip potatoes and a chop,
At a hasty-luncheon shop,
Ought to stimulate the muscles and the
heart.
You must train for many days,
For athleticism pays,
And to follow MILES and SANDOW is the
plan,
Then projecting life and limb
In the vortex of the scrim
You must tackle low, and collar what
you can.

Like BOADICEA of yore,
Indifferent to gore,
With elbow and umbrella you must
shove;
If insensible to pain,
You'll eventually gain
The shining chinés chiffons that you
love.
You must gather to your breast
What you fancy, and the rest
It's *comme il faut* to throw upon the
ground;
And the counter you must leap
On the track of something cheap
If you can't find any way of getting
round.

In the thickest of the fight
There's no time to be polite,
And only very little to be rude.
You'll find on "Remnant Days"
You return to nursery ways,
When your instinct of propriety was
crude.
But at length you make your haul,
And suburbards you crawl,
Encumbered by the bargains you have
bagged,
And you struggle off to bed
With a palpitating head
To sleep the fitful slumber of the fagged.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 26.—Pretty Mlle. DONALDA. She looked so neat and sang so sweet as ever did Gretchen-Marguerite.



ORPHÉE.

Orphée—Mlle. Gerville-Réache.

Euridice played with much point by Mlle. Jeanne Raunay.

Mefisto. As we miss BAUFMEISTER'S PLANCON'S *Mefisto*, and the absence of these two from the Garden Scene is specially regrettable. However, to pluralise the old proverb, "What will they do who come after the King and Queen?" By the way, their MAJESTIES were present, but the House was not by any means overcrowded.

"M. HEROLD," says my lady-accompanist to me confidently, "is the best-looking *Faust* I have seen for some time." The other *Fausts* mustn't be angry: after all, this is but an opinion, and please listen to the discount.—"But," she added, "there is something wanting." Quite so: it was not the *Faust*, though the part, at its best, is not great.

The newly-painted church scene, which has already been mentioned in previous notes, works well. But would it not strengthen the dramatic effect of this situation were *Mefisto* only heard and never seen,—not even at the very last moment? If there be a demoniacal chorus it is "heard without," the demoniacal whispers (*bassi profondi*) are heard within: but the Devil who cannot face a cross-handled sword is hardly the sort of fiend to enter a Cathedral, especially while a *Requiem* is going on, and to monopolise the interior of a substantial pillar. No, *Mefisto's* promptings here should be *roz et præterea nihil*.

Marguerite Mlle. DONALDA improved greatly towards the finish. Brother Valentin I had for the moment forgotten; he ought to have stayed at home and looked after his sister Meg. Yet, had he done so, we should never have had the story, nor this opera. Valentin is responsible for everything; for the sake of the dramatists and composers who have treated the immortal subject we must

Miss E. PARKINA was not a striking Siebel, and Mme. PAULIN does not as yet make us forget Mlle. BAUFMEISTER. Mr. WHITEHILL deserves honourable mention for not Frenchifying his name (which he might easily have done by substituting "Mons." for Mr., or for HILL) nor compounding it with the Italian fraternity by styling himself Signor MONTEBIANCO. His great success will certainly not at present be as

Marthe, so do we

forgive him. On this occasion he lived happily through a scene and a half, and then, like CHARLES THE SECOND, only without his courteous apology to the crowd about him, he was "a long time a-dying."

Tuesday.—*Aida*. This Operatic Notist present by deputy. Deputy remarks on crowded state of house, on absence of Royalties, on splendid performance of GIUSEPPE VERDI's opera, now thirty-four years old and therefore just in its prime, on the very effective *mise-en-scène*, especially notable in second scene of Second Act, and, to wind up, on the genuine enthusiasm of a thoroughly appreciative audience.

For Signor CARUSO as *Radames* and Mlle. DESTINN as *Aida* there appear to be no adjectives sufficiently powerful to express Deputy's admiration. In the regrettable absence of Mme. KIRBY LUNN, the part of *Amneris* is finely rendered by Mlle. OLITZKA, a name reminiscent of Byronic *Oliniska* and *Mazeppa*, dramatised for ASTLEY'S Amphitheatre, reminiscent also of H. J. Byronic burlesque on same subject, written for that eccentric genius "Little Roxton," who sentimentally sang:

"Walk in, wa'k in, walk in, *Oliniska*, pray!

O walk into the garden, 'tis a bright and sunny day,"

and then burst into a lively, tuneful measure, and an indescribably nondescript dance which "brought down the house."

Newly-arrived Signor SAMMARCO, as my discreet Deputy informs me, made a big hit as *Amonasro*, the Black King in the game. Why roll two names into one? Surely *Sam* is abbreviated *Samuel*, and *Marco* is Italian for *Mark*, *n'est-ce pas*? Anyway, SAM made his mark (O!), and that's enough



L'ORACOLO; OR, A LOT OF TROUBLE DOWN OUR STREET.

(As seen at a glance by Our Special Operatic Artist.)

Ah-Joe—Mlle. Donalda; Hua-qui—Mme. Paulin; San-Lui—M. Dalmores; Cim-Fen—Signor Scotti; Uin-Sci—M. Marcoux; Hu-Tain—M. Cotreuil; Indovino—Signor Montecucchi.

for him and for us. Whatever his name be, he has so far evidently succeeded in making a name for himself.

June 28.—*Orphée* (not *Orfeo*). An excellent performance. Singing and acting of Mlle. GERVILLE-RÉACHE first-rate. As to costume, Musical and Artistic Assistant supplies illustrated report. Is this *Signor Orfeo* or *Mademoiselle Orphée*? Mlle. GERVILLE-RÉACHE seems to have been undecided, and to have compounded by attiring the character in what may be described as "a *Reache-me-down*" garment. Spectators, unfamiliar with the opera, wish to know if this individual, so clothed, represents *Orpheus* or *Eurydice*. All doubt removed by entrance of *Euridice*, a handsome young lady with a very fine voice. *Orphée* is to be congratulated on excellent taste.

Then followed the new One-Act opera by Signor FRANCO LEONI entitled *L'Oracolo*. A gruesome story, known previously as *The Cat and the Cherub*. Opera full of life (also death) and action. Music charming. It went with a dash from start to finish. Performers and composer received hearty applause. Signor SCOTTI, representing *Cim-Fen*, who is altogether a bad lot, made a very big hit; so did Mlle. DONALDA as *Ah-Joe*, with M. DALMORES as her lover *San-Lui*. MESSRS. MARCOUX and COTREUIL as the two elders *Uin-Sei* and *Hu-Tain*, with Mme. PAULIN as *Hua-Qui* the foolish nurse, completed a very strong cast.

Not "completed," for there remains the American policeman, who says nothing, sings nothing, sees nothing, and does nothing. He is the very impersonation of Justice blindfolded. The scene, representing "a street in Chinese Quarter, San Francisco," painted by AL BRUK, is very effective. The orchestra, conducted by M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER, is all that Signor LEONI could possibly desire.

More on this subject when next opportunity offers.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SIR JOHN FURLEY has spent a long and busy life in administering first aid to the wounded in war. His attention has been directed less to surgical operations than to the Commissariat department. In brief—brevity is forced upon my Baronite in presence of the imposing catalogue of the knight-errant's philanthropic enterprises—he has during the last thirty-five years followed on the track of armies, distributing supplies alike to the soldiery and non-combatants. Beginning in the Franco-German War 1870-1 as Commissioner of the British National Aid Society, he finished (for the present) on the stricken field of battle in the Transvaal. He relates his manifold experience in *Peace and War* (SMITH, ELDER). Less heroic than other strains on the classic topic of war, his pages cast useful sidelights on the interminable story. He was in Paris during the rage of the Commune, and sketches vivid pictures of its daily and nightly course. Among his companions was LAWRENCE OLIPHANT, then acting as correspondent of the *Times*. The two were looking out of a window in the Place Vendôme, fascinated by the horror of the scene beneath, when a shot passed into the room between their heads, covering them with stones and glass. It was the signal that closed a brilliant career. That vulgar impostor the "prophet" HARRIS had sent a message to OLIPHANT that when a bullet passed through the window of a room in which he chanced to be, he must regard it as a call to America. As bullets were at this time flying thickly about windows in Paris and Versailles it was a pretty safe omen. OLIPHANT promptly accepted it, leaving forthwith for America, where HARRIS gorged himself with his estate.

The Regent of the Roués (HUTCHINSON) was the Duc d'ORLÉANS who governed France for a while after the death of LOUIS XIV. He was so called from his association with a body of the

dissolute scamps who helped to prepare the way for the Revolution which cleared the air and the land at the close of the century. A suggested derivation of the now familiar word is that this select circle were so warmly attached to the Regent that they were ready to be broken on the wheel (*la roue*) for him. My Baronite thinks it is a pity they did not all come to an end justly deserved. In compiling his work Colonel HAGGARD has industriously rooted about the garbage gathered by the memoirists, diarists, and letter-writers of the age, and has produced a series of piquant chapters which illustrate its lurid, almost incredible wickedness. The State was corrupt from its head to its meanest agent; the hapless people, dumb driven cattle, bearing the burden of the cost. The book reveals some gruesome episodes of public and social life in Paris in the heyday of the Bourbon. Colonel HAGGARD has forgotten, or never learned, much authoritative matter about the Man in the Iron Mask revealed since the conjectures of VOLTAIRE, which he accepts as finally solving the mystery.

A Lindsay's Lore, by CHARLES LOWE (published by T. WERNER LAURIE in Scotch-plaid cover), purports to be an autobiographical account of strange, varied and most romantic adventures prosaically told by a stalwart hot-headed Scotchman possessing small sense of humour, but gifted with a memory for poetic quotations which he has an irritating knack of applying as mottoes for the headings of all the chapters. Whether the author assumes a stolid literary style for the purposes of this story, or whether such style be his own, the Baron is unable to determine, and he can only describe this book as the work of a "Wandering Willie," gifted with Mr. Wegg's weakness for "dropping into poetry," with the additional faculty of lugging in his own pure Scotch, which, to the Baron at least, is as unintelligible as would be a Maori madrigal. At page 352 the hero, such as he is, correctly sums up his own character thus, "What a fool! what a fool!" I muttered. "The Emperor?" (asks his cousin Margaret). "Oh, no, I mean myself, I sneered in self-contempt." ("Hear! hear!" from the Baron.)

Here is an example of the Scot's notion of humour. *Lindsay* has identified (as he thinks) the corpse of his lady-love Margaret, who has (he concludes) committed suicide. This body of evidence he causes to be interred in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. Subsequently he meets his Margaret very much alive, and when walking together he points out to her the Morgue, which place, he tells her, "with a nudge and a grim smile, 'is where I found your corpse,' at which she nearly burst out laughing at the idea, and propped me with her muff reproachfully." If it's humour the reader wants, can he get anything finer than this as displayed in the above quotation? "I doubt it," said the Carpenter. Certainly he will not in this book.

That the protagonist of this novel is a muddler and meddler will be the verdict of all who read the book, which, in spite of its dragging its slow length along in the earliest portion of the story, and in spite of its being considerably over-written, is not only readable, but curiously exciting, and as genuinely interesting as should be any personal revelation of the forces at work immediately before, and during, the Franco-German War. "*Patienza! voilà tout!*" says the Baron while certainly recommending this book to those of his friends who still dearly love a good romance.

